

WEST SIDE MISSION, CHICAGO.

From April Kings Children.

Dear Readers: Here it is almost time for our April number and I have not a single note ready. I will be brief and give you a few that will undoubtedly interest you. A few moments ago I thought of the song, "It's raining hard to-day." For it is, and we can't go out much. But rain or not, we must go and visit a lady who is in deep, deep trouble because of sin. Not because of works of her own, but of the sin of another. The result and deed is crushing the poor woman. Oh, that we might lift her right out of her suffering! But we are only weak instruments to be used by God. He can do all things.

So we see that one who commits a wicked deed does not only hurt themselves but others, although they are innocent of evil works.

You know the Bible teaches that who soever persists in following after the lusts of the flesh and doing the works of the devil will have to bear the consequence. It was not lack of knowledge of Christ and his word that this person stayed in the dark, but because he would not walk in the light. May God help him to walk with the Savior hereafter.

I might as well tell about another rainy day. Last Thursday was just such a day, but there was sunshine in the Mission and the hearts of its people. We had a grand meeting that night. Six precious souls were buried in baptism, but before the administering of this ordinance we had such a good prayer and praise service. Although the weather was dark and cloudy, there was light and sunshine in our hearts. Praise the Lord, it is there all the time.

"PAY, OR GET OUT."

About a week ago I was going down to Ashland Ave., and going along Paulina St., I heard some one scream. Looking in that direction in an alley I saw a lot of policemen and one of their wagons. I watched a moment and saw they were setting a family out because they could not pay the last month's rent. The day was cold and raw. There were four children and an infant babe seven days old. The poor mother told me, in an almost fainting condition, that she had kept up the rent and the children together since their father died and he had been dead about seven months, until the last month she could not do it. So here I am. What will I do?" The lady down on first floor where she lived said, "Yes, I know this to be true, she is a good, honest woman, too." They were taking them to the police station until she found somewhere to go. How she clung to me to help her

and her little ones. We had no way to help her then. The policemen pushed them into the wagon and took them away.

There is lots of such work done here. Then, again, there are landlords that are very good and ask no pay this winter. Which ones do as they would like to be done by? It seems as though I can hear the screams of that lone mother and her little family. May God help them. They are gone from the station now.

We have been able to bring gladness to a good many hearts through the united efforts of the churches that have kindly sent us provision and clothing. I wish you could see and hear the expressions of joy and thankfulness that it brings to each that receive. The last twelve days Sister Quackenbush has, with taking care of us all, had her hands quite full filling up baskets and rolling up bundles for the needy ever since Brother and Sister McFaden went to Nappanee, Ind. How thankful we are that we have had a good supply to draw from, and we have the promise of more, some on the way now. If ever you are doing real missionary work you are doing it now in helping these poor suffering families. Surely it will bring riches in heaven.

Yesterday afternoon we were out looking after those that might need help. We went down across the Pan Handle tracks, then down through a kind of dreary, desolate place till we came to an opening near Oakley Ave. Then we saw the building we were looking for. I turned to our sister, (Mrs. Stowell) and said, "There is the building." She says, "How will we get down there?" We looked at the mud a few moments and thought we would try. We did. We reached the house. It is a home for a number of families. The first place we were in, the mother sat making men's pants at four cents a pair. All rooms were combined in one, but for all that, there was joy and gladness mingled with their suffering and sadness. They were glad to have us come. We took Jesus with us, told of his goodness and what he did for us all. There is a little girl in the home that loves to sing Gospel hymns. She sang with us. She is about nine years old, has a lovely voice and can sing like a bird. Her parents are without the "wherewith" to develop the beautiful talent she has. We asked God's blessings upon them.

We went on to the next room upstairs. There were two little boys seven to ten years old I should think. We asked where mamma was. "She has gone for soup," was the reply. "She will be back at six o'clock." But we were anxious to know about the soup. They finally told us that

their mother went some place once in two weeks and done some washing for which she got soup for supper. Sometimes she had a little other washing. Father had no work. I do not know how they kept life and body together. Their faces looked pale and thin, even if there was a good deal of mother earth and coal soot on them. We told them to bring their baskets up to the Mission Home. They came with glad hearts and were sent on their way home rejoicing with good big loads. As they went down the steps one little boy said: "I love Jesus, too, 'cause he sent them to find us. We will go to Sunday-school, won't we?" "Yes sir, we'll go all the time." "Will Jesus be there?" "I don't know, I guess so." We left them talking about Jesus to-day, going on their way to mamma.

From that home we went to one down stairs again. We found the mother busy with her little folks, a pair of twins eighteen months old yesterday, little boy and girl. One, just older, was quite sick in its cradle, a high fever and pain in its head, and three older children. They were a little better off physically than the other, for their father had a little work now and then, sometimes a week at a time and then none. They are not acquainted with the Lord, (some of them were at the Mission last night.)

We went out on the street and found we were in a neighborhood of foreigners. It was raining a little, but lots of little folks were on the street, and parents were standing around with an anxious and worried look upon their faces. We saw the stamp, "no work," but the ragged little urchins were trying to be happy and have a good time. It was getting late and we could not stop to talk with them, so will go back again. We took another way home, so avoided quite so much Chicago mud. Any one that thinks that Chicago is a clean place ought to be here now.

Last night we had the pleasure of having Dr. Chapman, a missionary from Africa with us. We were glad to have him preach for us. He gave us a good, practical Gospel sermon. We want him to come again. He said he would. He is seeking the salvation of souls, and is consecrating himself to that work, the Lord being his help and strength. Undoubtedly some of our readers know Brother Brindle, an elderly brother. We enjoyed his meetings last week. Those old soldiers of the cross know what it is to fight bravely for the Master. Two evenings last week he preached for us and made us deeply realize the necessity of clinging closer to Jesus and fighting for him every moment. Brother Barth and Brother